

## THRO' KENTUCKY.

Thro' the grand state of Kentucky,  
Take a walk,  
Where the "Old Home" got its name,  
Where the fields are overflowing  
With the yellow ripening grain.

Here tobacco plants are growing,  
In the fields not sown with corn,  
Tobacco plants—big as cactus—  
Just as sure as you are born.

Yes, they're large as good-sized cactus,  
Larger in our home-like view,  
But it's of a fine a grade as  
Is that old "Kentucky Dew."

Here all people reap a harvest,  
Money in bank from year to year,  
All the green calamity howlers,  
Lose their jobs when they land here.

Here the "dry" ways are the highways,  
Built high and dry from rains and flood,  
Here the "good roads delegation,"  
Swear the roads are suit'nly good.

But of pikes and highways finest,  
There's a "road" that suits my taste;  
Tis the line of Solid Comfort,  
And the trains let no time waste.

From Kentucky to St. Louis,  
Operates this road of class,  
Across the famous old "Green River"  
On its roadbed smooth as glass.

Would you know the road I speak of?  
Listen then to my advice,  
For you'll need it in your business,  
On your trip to Paradise.

In your travels to St. Louis—  
Hurry! beat them under the wire,  
"Get the Henderson Route" habit—  
'Tis a good one to acquire.

—[Jack "Henderson" Gallagher]

Too Many Burglars  
About Town . . . . .

For the comfort of society. One  
less will visit your homes if he is  
introduced to one of our revolvers.

## This Week Only I Will Sell

Double Action Revolvers, with  
re-bounding hammers, nicely finished  
and "nickled," octagon barrel, hard  
rubber handles.  
22-32-38 Cal. . . . . \$2.00

Automatic Safety Hammer Revolv-  
ers, made with hinged frame, re-  
bouncing hammers, automatic shell  
ejectors. Positive safety device;  
accidental discharge impossible.  
22-32-38 Cal. . . . . \$8.50 each.

Automatic Safety Hammerless Revolv-  
ers, have hinged frame, inde-  
pendent cylinder stop and automatic  
shell ejectors. No hammer to  
catch on clothing. Fits the pocket.  
32 or 38 Cal. . . . . \$7.00 each.

All other popular makes, such as  
Colts, Smith & Wesson, etc., in  
stock.

Saws, lawn mowers and scissors  
sharpened, keys fitted, locks and  
trunks repaired. All work guaran-  
teed.

W. C. DAVIS.

## Hair Dressing.

When your hair needs shampooing,  
dressing, or manuring, call Phone 108.  
Work executed in best of manner. Can  
give good references.  
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MARY L. DAVIS.

New  
Railroad to  
San Francisco

Santa Fe Route, by  
its San Joaquin  
Valley Extension.

The only line with  
track and trains under  
one management all  
the way from Chicago  
to the Golden Gate.

Mountain passes,  
extinct volcanos,  
petrified forests,  
prehistoric ruins,  
Indian pueblos,  
Yosemite, Grand  
Cañon of Arizona,  
en route.

Same high-grade  
service that has made  
the Santa Fe the  
favorite route to  
Southern California.

Fast schedule; Pull-  
man and Tourist  
sleepers daily; Free  
reclining chair cars;  
Harvey meals  
throughout.

General Passenger Office  
The Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Ry.,  
CHICAGO.

## HAPPY COMRADES.

When Donald and his grandpa go out to  
take a walk,  
They have no end of jollity and confiden-  
tial talk.

They have so much in common, and they  
never disagree.

Though Donald's only five years old and  
grandpa seventy-three,  
They visit first the barnyard to see the  
cows and sheep.

Though stopping at the pigsty to take a  
hasty peep,  
They see the fluffy chickens, the goslings  
and the hens,  
And watch the turkey-gobbler as he struts  
along the fence.

They go to see the kittens in a barrel in  
the shed,  
And they hear the rooster crowing in the  
hayloft overhead.

And the startled guinea cackle as the vis-  
itors appear,  
And the cross old gander hisses when the  
couple get too near.

Then hand in hand they wander adown  
the dusty street,  
Between two rows of maples where the  
spreading branches meet.

A robin nods a welcome as the jolly people  
pass,  
And a hop-top jumps and tumbles to the  
shelter of the grass.

In the bushes by the roadside they hear  
the catbird call,  
And a frightened chipmunk scurries to his  
hole within the wall.

They get some pussy-willows in a hollow  
by the brook,  
And they watch the minnows swimming in  
a little sheltered nook.

Then trudging slowly homeward, they end  
their jolly walk  
With happy shouts and laughter and con-  
fidential talk.

They have so much in common, and they  
never disagree,  
Though Donald's only five years old and  
grandpa seventy-three.

—Erastus Hubbard Phelps, in Youth's Companion.

ICE CREAM AND  
OTHER THINGS

By WICKLIFFE GRAY

"Is it good Willie?" There was a look  
of frank amusement and interest  
on Hal Brooks' face as he watched the  
youngster opposite him.

"Yeth," answered Willie. His eight-  
year-old tongue was not so afflicted as  
to merit the term "tied." But Willie's  
mouth was full to overflowing with ice-  
cream.

"Most as good as ours on Sunday," he  
added. "Mamma lets me have two  
saucers then." There was a rueful note  
in his voice as he scraped the last drop  
of melted ice from his saucer.

"Suppose you have another now,"  
suggested Brooks. He beckoned a serv-  
er. Willie's face showed indecision.

Mother's teaching had always been  
moderation. When he had been permit-  
ted to spend the day with Jimmie Har-  
mon, Willie remembered, he had been  
cautioned not to have more than one  
helping of any one dish. But surely  
such reasoning could not apply to Mr.  
Brooks, who called on Sister Edith so  
often, and had gone riding with her on  
a bicycle almost every day all spring.

Going to somebody's house was not like  
being met on the sidewalk, just like a  
man, and being invited into the fine,  
big ice cream parlor.

"Chocolate, vanilla, strawberry,  
peach?" queried the waiter. Surely  
mother wouldn't object when it was  
forced on a fellow like this.

"Yes, I believe I will." He looked  
appealingly at Mr. Brooks, who sug-  
gested questioningly, "Chocolate?"

"Yes, sir, if you please." At least  
he had said "please," just as mother  
would keep it from being wrong, if it  
was wrong at all. A psychologist might  
say that Willie was using a conscience  
salve, like a good many grown-up  
folks sometimes do. At all events Wil-  
lie brightened and looked across the  
table almost lovingly at his host.

"Do you like to wear those big stove-  
pipe hats, Mr. Brooks?" he asked. The  
house was filling and it seemed proba-  
ble they would have to wait for the  
cream.

"Well, no. I can't say I do, Willie.  
They're not half so comfortable, now,  
as a cap." He indicated with a nod  
his bicycle headcovering on an unoc-  
cupied chair.

"What makes you wear 'em, then?"  
Mother's visitors, and some of  
Edith's, nearly always discussed  
clothes and things; and when one is a  
guest for two ice creams one must do  
some of the talking.

"Well," Brooks smiled confidentially,  
so to speak, "I suppose I wear 'em  
because other folks do, and say it's  
the proper thing." Willie made a full  
pause to take in the idea.

"Does everybody do things just be-  
cause other folks do 'em?" he queried,  
finally, as the waiter placed the cream  
before him.

"That's about the size of it, mostly,"  
Brooks agreed.

"But somebody has to start doin' the  
thing first, don't they?" "I believe so,  
usually."

"But what makes the first ones  
start? They don't have nobody to  
copy after, do they?" It was certainly  
nice, thought Willie, to be able to ask  
questions and not to be told to "shut  
up" or "run along."

"Do you like ice cream, Willie?"  
asked Brooks. Willie was startled into  
a blush, so obvious was the fact that  
he did love it. And Mr. Brooks' eyes  
were twinkling, too. "Yes, sir," he  
admitted.

"Well, that's the same reason 'that  
makes some folks start doing things,  
and then other folks begin to copy  
after them." The light of only partial  
comprehension showed in Willie's  
eyes. He did not disbelieve, but he  
wanted all doubts removed.

"Then that's why you come to see  
Sister Edith?" he asked. "So's the  
other fellows will come, too, and take  
her out to ride on bicycles," he added  
in explanation.

"Well, no—er—not exactly. Willie.  
That's what you might call an excep-  
tion to the rule."

"Oh, I know! My teacher says all  
of 'em have 'em."

"Have what?" Brooks asked. "Cep-  
tions to the rule," said Willie. "Oh,  
I see," said his host. Willie made  
away with a large spoonful of cream  
with unconcealed satisfaction. How-  
ever there were still other webs to be  
untangled.

"Is riding a bicycle an exception, Mr.  
Brooks?" he asked.

"Well, I should say—that depends,  
Willie," Mr. Brooks took a sip of  
water. "What does it depend on, Mr.  
Brooks?"

"I should judge on the person you  
were riding with, Willie." Mr. Brooks'  
eyes grew reminiscent.

"Then Sister Edith helps to make  
the 'ception to the rule, Mr. Brooks?"  
Mr. Brooks' eyes grew suddenly ex-  
pressive. "Sister Edith and a bicycle  
make a remarkable exception, Willie."

"Then can I tell her you don't want  
the other fellows around, Mr. Brooks?"  
Two ice creams certainly demanded a  
return favor.

"No! No! Willie, you mustn't say a  
word about it. Not a word. 'Now, re-  
member—not a word.'"

"It's so, then, is it, Mr. Brooks?"

"What is so?"

"What papa said."

"What was that, Willie?"

"That you and Sister Edith rode bi-  
cycles together a lot."

"Is that all?" asked Mr. Brooks.

"No, not quite—" and Willie hesi-  
tated.

"What else did he say?" Mr. Brooks  
was leaning across the table now.

"You won't tell anybody I told you?"

"Not a soul."

"Well, he—he—said you must be in  
love."

"W-h-e-e-w, he did!" Mr. Brooks dis-  
played well-feigned surprise. "And  
what did Sister Edith say?"

"Sister Edith? Oh, she just put her  
arms around papa's neck, and said:  
'Don't, now, dad!'"

"And what did papa say to that?"

"Oh, he just laughed, and then they  
all began to tease her till she cried a lit-  
tle."

"Who were 'they all,' Willie?" Mr.  
Brooks' voice was stern.

"Why—papa and mamma and—nd  
me." Somehow Willie wished now that  
he hadn't.

"And did anybody say anything else,  
Willie?" Mr. Brooks didn't seem so  
cross after all.

"Oh, yes! When Sister Edith got to  
crying, papa threw his paper on the floor  
'nd made sister sit on his knee, 'nd told  
her he'd give her a brand new bicycle,  
and she could wear it out ridin' with you,  
if she liked. I wish I was in love and  
could get things like that," he added  
reuefully, as the last bit of cream disap-  
peared.

"Don't worry, Willie. It'll come all  
right in time. Was that all?"

"Yes, only mamma said you was some-  
thing—oh, I remember now! She called  
you a 'legible young man.' And Sister  
Edith just scooped upstairs to her room."

Mr. Brooks paid at the cashier's desk,  
and then detached his bicycle from the  
rack in the little side room. Willie ac-  
companied him to the street.

"Say, what does 'legible mean, Mr.  
Brooks?" he asked, as his late host threw  
one leg over the saddle of his wheel.

Mr. Brooks regarded the youthful but  
earnest face with twinkling eyes. "I  
think I could guess, Willie," he said.  
"But guessing in such matters is hazard-  
ous. A man might be 'legible, you see,  
and still not be acceptable. Sister Edith  
and I are going to take another bicycle  
ride this afternoon, and I'm going to  
find out then if the two words mean the  
same thing, Willie. But you mustn't  
tell a soul, you know—not a soul."

"All right, Mr. Brooks. Thank you  
for the cream," he called after the re-  
treating figure.

## HUNTS HOUSE NINE YEARS.

New York Woman Has Been Watch-  
ing Real Estate "Ads." for  
a Long Time.

"Women ever read the real estate  
news?" Well, you just bet they do,"  
said the broker, answering his own  
question, relates the New York Times.

"Of course there are a good many  
women more or less interested in the  
real estate market as owners, or per-  
haps as speculators, but I don't mean  
that kind. Lots of them look over the  
reports every day to find out whether  
anybody is going to move away or  
whether they are going to have any  
new neighbors. And if Mrs. Jones  
thinks she can find out how much Mrs.  
Smith got for her house she will read  
the conveyances every day for six  
months."

"But I have in mind one woman  
who not only reads all the news but  
the real estate advertisements as well.  
I'd tell you her name but for the fact  
that I expect to sell her a house some  
day. She's been looking for a house  
here in my section for over nine years  
that I know of, and she has never been  
known to miss an 'ad.' If I insert  
one in a Sunday paper, telling about a  
house of the general sort for which  
she is looking, she's here bright and  
early Monday morning. That's a dead  
certainty and I'm ready to bet on it."

Public Schools in Russia.

Social Service gives some late statis-  
tics regarding public schools in Russia.

There are 84,544 public schools in the  
empire, of which number 40,131 are un-  
der the jurisdiction of the minister of  
public education, 42,588 under the ju-  
risdiction of the holy synod, and the re-  
mainder under other departments.

Of the pupils, 73,167 are adults, 3,291,694  
boys and 1,203,902 girls. The teacher  
number 172,000. The maintenance of  
these schools costs more than \$25,000,  
000. The average school tax for city  
schools is \$9.50, and for village schools  
five dollars per pupil.

## THE FEROCIOUS RED LYNX.

When Famishing It Is an Animal to  
Be Shunned by the  
Traveler.

California has in her hills the largest  
and most kind-hearted of the great  
fighters, the grizzly, and at the same  
time the smallest and most treacher-  
ous, the red lynx. Most hunters call  
them "wildcats," but they are not, says  
the Los Angeles Times. The real wild-  
cat has a long tail and lives only in  
Europe—in fact, he's about extinct  
now—and old hunters dread the wait-  
ing midnight cry of a hungry lynx  
more than they do all the growls a  
grizzly ever let out. For when a lynx  
is maddened by hunger he fears  
neither man nor beast, and most of the  
animals of the forest give him the  
road without waiting for him to ask it.

In Canada, and even in the north-  
ern row of states of this nation, the  
lynxes grow to be much larger than  
they do here, in the warmer climate of  
the southwest. There, too, they are  
hunted for their fur, but here that fur  
is worthless, and save for those killed  
by an occasional hunter, the lynxes  
hold undisputed sway in the foothills.

No matter how soundly they may be  
sleeping, you can never "catch one  
napping," for at the slightest sound of  
your approach he will clear the ten or  
15 feet between his nest and the  
ground and be off like a flash in the  
undergrowth. About the only way to  
get these fellows is with hounds, and  
then generally one or two of the dogs  
gets pretty severely chewed up.

In the hills the lynxes usually stay  
in thick underbrush or in caves during  
the day, coming out to work havoc in  
the quail coverts by moonlight. Then,  
if the night be bright, the hound hun-  
ter has real sport rousing the round-  
eyed owls with his shouts of encour-  
agement to the dogs, which are not al-  
ways ready to rush into the teeth of an  
angry cat.

It is almost impossible to trap a cat,  
though a hungry lion may occasionally  
be caught in this manner. Now and  
then a cat can be run into a trap pre-  
viously set along a runway, and in this  
way the lumbermen of the Canadian  
pineries take many of the cats that in-  
fest the great forests of the north.

The further south you go the smaller  
the lynxes become, until the family  
winds up with the little pampas cat of  
the South American plains. Our lynx,  
however, is the most savage of all, and  
the hardest for any dog, no matter how  
good he may be, to master. In a fight  
a cat has an immense advantage over  
a dog, in that he can fight with all  
four, and usually does so. There is  
little worse can befall a green pack of  
dogs than to shake an old lynx out of  
a tree into their midst. When a lynx  
fights he doesn't bite and let go like a  
wolf or dog, but bites and hangs on  
like a bulldog, while his claws keep up  
a sort of snare-drum accompaniment  
on the dog's ribs. It takes a mighty  
good dog to do up a lynx, and when a  
thoroughbred hunter gets such a dog  
it takes a mighty good price to buy  
him.

## SILENCE OF BUTTERFLIES.

Beautiful Creatures Are Representa-  
tives of an Absolutely Noise-  
less Existence.

After all, the chief charm of this  
race of winged flowers does not lie in  
their varied and brilliant beauty, nor  
yet in their wonderful series of trans-  
formations, in their long and sordid  
caterpillar life, their very brief period  
which comprises their beauty, their  
love-making, their parentage, and their  
death, writes T. W. Higginson, in At-  
lantic. Nor does it lie in the fact that  
we do not yet certainly know whether  
they have in the caterpillar shape the  
faculty of sight, or not, and do not  
even know the precise use of their  
most conspicuous organ in maturity,  
the antennae. Nor does it consist in  
this, that they of all created things  
have furnished man with the symbol  
of his own immortality. It rather lies  
in the fact that, with all their varied  
life and activity, they represent an  
absolutely silent world. . . . All  
the vast array of modern knowledge  
has found no butterfly which murmurs  
with an audible voice, and only a very  
few species which can even audibly  
click or rustle with their wings. Dar-  
win first observing these in South  
America, and others recording them at  
long intervals of years in Europe, and  
finally, in the United States, Mr. Scud-  
der has not only detected a soft sound  
on one of two cases, proceeding from  
the wings, and sounding like the faint  
rustling of sandpaper, but he hazards  
the opinion that many of the quivering  
or waving motions of the wings of  
these bright creatures, although inau-  
dible to us, may be accompanied by  
sounds which their kindred might hear.

Best Sugar Crop.

Statistics of the world's best sugar  
crop for the last season do not show  
the substantial reduction in acreage  
which was anticipated when bounties  
were abolished through the Brussels  
conference. The yield is 5,910,000 long  
tons of sugar, a falling off of but seven  
per cent, therefore, the production  
is still greatly in excess of the demand.

## The Scornful Ice-man.

"I don't want any ice," she said.  
"Ice!" exclaimed the ice-man, in a per-  
plexed way. "Who said ice? I merely  
wish to contract with you to leave a  
little wet spot on your back porch  
these warm mornings."—Cleveland  
Plain Dealer.

## Now They Don't Speak.

"I have such an indulgent husband,"  
said little Mrs. Doll.

"Yes, so George says," responded Mrs.  
Spitfire, quietly. "Sometimes he in-  
dulges too much, doesn't he?"—Stray  
Stories.

Constipation! Is Yours of  
Long Standing?

Never mind, we take all the chances—your money refunded  
if a cure is not effected.

DR. CARLSTEDT'S  
GERMAN LIVER POWDER

has had fifteen years of unparalleled sale, because the above has been our iron-  
clad, changeless guarantee from the first. Yet not once during these years have  
we had a bottle returned or a failure reported.

We Have Cured Thousands! Thousands of cases given up by  
the doctors, thousands whose suf-  
ferings have been of many tedious years' standing. Sick Headache, Stomach or  
Bowel troubles, Constipation or Piles are cured by a single bottle  
of Dr. Carlstedt's German Liver Powder. \$1.00 size, which equals six trial size bottles. This  
is the one great home remedy that dispenses with doctor bills, long spells of sickness and their con-  
sequent sufferings. Listen to Nature's warnings and be prepared! Dr. Carlstedt's Ger-  
man Liver Powder goes right to the spot; there is nothing in medicine like it. It is made right—  
we have the secret and we look carefully to its protection, for it is worth millions of money to the  
people. Don't accept substitutes.

In case your druggist happens to be out of it we will send it to you direct.

\$1.00 Per Bottle. Trial Size 25c.

THE AMERICAN PHARMACAL CO., Manufacturing Chemists, Evansville, Ind.

FOR SALE BY W. T. BROOKS.

## MOTT'S PENNYROYAL PILLS

They overcome Weak-  
ness, irregularity and  
omissions, increase vig-  
or and banish "pains  
of menstruation." They are "LIFE SAVERS" to girls at  
womanhood, aiding development of organs and body. No  
known remedy for women equals them. Cannot do harm—life  
becomes a pleasure. \$1.00 PER BOX BY MAIL. Sold  
by druggists. DR. MOTT'S CHEMICAL CO. Cleveland, Ohio.  
W. T. BROOKS, Druggist.

## Cascara Sagrada

IN THE ESTIMATION OF OUR BEST  
PHYSICIANS IS THE MOST BENEFICIAL  
ALL DRUGS IN THE TREATMENT OF CONSTIPATION.

## Lyons Laxative Syrup

Is made of Cascara Sagrada and other drugs that are equally as beneficial  
in the treatment of indigestion, biliousness and all stomach and  
bowel troubles (arising from constipation.)  
VERY PLEASANT TO TAKE AND DOES NOT GRIPE.  
25 and 50c Bottles. Ask your Druggist.

G. S. VARDEN, Druggist.

## HEALTH AND VITALITY

DR. MOTT'S  
NERVINE PILLS  
The great remedy for nervous prostration and all diseases of the generative  
organs of either sex, such as Nervous Prostration, Falling or Lost Manhood,  
Impotency, Nightly Emissions, Youthful Errors, Mental Worry, excessive use  
of Tobacco or Opium, which lead to Consumption and Insanity. With every  
\$5.00 we guarantee to cure or refund the money. Sold at \$1.00 per box,  
6 boxes for \$5.00. DR. MOTT'S CHEMICAL CO. Cleveland, Ohio.

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Your Trip  
TO THEWorld's Fair,  
St. Louis,

IN  
1904,

TO INSURE THE

DAYLIGHT ENTRANCE to the  
Mound City and an unobstructed, Pan-  
oramic view of the Levee and Shipping  
District of the Father of Waters, should  
be made by the

## BIG FOUR.

WARREN J. LYNCH, W. P. DEPPE,  
Gen'l Pass. & Ticket Agt. Asst. G.P. & T. Agt.,  
J. E. REEVE, General Southern Agt.  
CINCINNATI, OHIO.

## Railroad Time Card.

LOUISVILLE & NASHVILLE.  
ARRIVAL OF TRAINS AT PARIS.

From Cincinnati—10:58 am; 5:58 pm;  
6:45 pm.  
From Lexington—5:11 am; 7:45 pm;  
8:23 pm; 6:10 pm.  
From Richmond—6:05 am; 7:50 am;  
8:18 pm.

From Maysville—7:40 am; 8:15 pm.

DEPARTURE OF TRAINS FROM PARIS.  
To Cincinnati—5:15 am; 7:55 am;  
8:30 pm.  
To Lexington—7:50 am; 11:05 am;  
6:40 pm; 9:49 p. m.  
To Richmond—11:10 am; 5:58 pm;  
9:51 pm.

To Maysville—8:00 am; 6:30 pm.  
F. B. CARE, Agt.

FRANKFORT & CINCINNATI.  
Arr. from Frankfort—8:30 am; 3:35 pm.  
Lvs. for Frankfort—9:30 am; 6:43 pm.  
All F. & C. trains arrive and depart  
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